

The Warmth of a Power Outage

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Category: Criminal Minds

Genre: Family

Language: English

Characters: A. Hotchner/Hotch, D. Rossi

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-11 09:08:14

Updated: 2016-04-11 09:08:14

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:58:10

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 638

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: My writing muse ran away from me to take a break. I can't blame her. I've sorta overused her. And honestly, I needed the break as well. This is my first baby steps back into writing. And I mean baby steps. A simple one-shot with my OC Matt Taylor and his family.

The Warmth of a Power Outage

****A/N:** What the description to this story didn't say is this: I guess after 90 stories in less than five years, my brain waved the white flag. My mentor agreed I needed the down time. I didn't argue. But my brain recently has been nagging at me to write again.**

****So** this is my baby step back into writing. It's a total fluff piece. But maybe, just maybe, a step back into the game for me. A recent power outage in our area sparked this small and I mean very small idea. I still owe all you loyal readers a Matt case fic. One step at a time.**

****Since** this involves my OC, no credits are needed for the creators of ****_**Criminal Minds**_****. But I'm gonna cover my butt and give the usual disclaimer any way. My OC is based on the show.**

****All** rights to ****_**Criminal Minds**_**** belong to Mark Gordon Studios, ABC Studios and CBS.**

*****Knightly bow*****

Matt Taylor rolled over in bed to face his sleeping wife and took a peek at the alarm clock on her side of the bed. It read 1:53. He then looked out the high window of their bedroom at the heavy, wet snow that a very late season Nor'easter was dumping on northern Virginia and shook his head. Abbey woke up, crawled out of bed and headed to the bathroom.

When she returned to their bed, she nudged her snoring husband.
"Matt, wake up. The power just went out."

Matt poked an eye opened, listened and shook his head. "There's not much I can do babe," he sleepily said.

"What about the kids Matt? The furnace isn't going to run."

"If the power stays out, they'll come looking for warmth," he smiled at Abbey, pulling her close.

Abbey thought for a second. "Maybe we should have gone for the king size bed." Matt simply nuzzled up to her, spooning her close to him. They fell asleep in the comfort of each other close.

Two hours later, Matt felt a small hand shaking him awake. He rolled over on his back and opened his eyes. "Daddy, I'm cold," Casee said. Matt pulled the blankets and sheet up on him and Abbey's bed and welcomed her to his side of the bed, rolling on his side.

Matt cuddled her. "Geez Case, you are cold. Where's Wilma?"

Casee yawned and pointed to the doorway. Wilma was standing there. "Go get the boys Wilma," Matt said. Casee smiled and curled up closer to her dad.

Matt reached over and shook Abbey awake. "Incoming babe; the kids are getting cold."

Colin dove into his mother less than a minute later. Abbey rubbed his head. "What about Cam?"

The four in the master bedroom heard Wilma's sharp bark to get her oldest still soundly sleeping charge awake. Colin giggled. "That should get the dead head up."

Abbey rubbed Colin's head again. "Back to sleep you." Colin yawned deeply, curled up next to her and like he only could, conked back out.

Cam yawned entering the bedroom and hopped on the bed to crawl in between his parents. Abbey, still holding the now sleeping Colin, got the blankets and sheets down for him to crawl in. Wilma jumped up on the end of the bed, did her usual two circles and then settled in as well. Cam immediately dropped back off to sleep.

Abbey eyed Matt over her shoulder. "You sure about that king size bed?"

Matt glanced over his shoulder at her and smiled in the darkness. "I think this is perfect babe."

Abbey smiled. "So do I."

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A/N: Please hang in there with me loyal readers.

I'm still struggling a bit; but I'm trying.

Knightly bow

End
file.